

I'd be lying, if I kept hiding the fact that I can't deal by **AlayneJade**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Misunderstandings, they're 16

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-19

Updated: 2017-11-19

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:55:33

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,945

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Reality hits Will hard when he sees his crush, Mike Wheeler, kiss a girl in a party. Perhaps he doesn't have a chance, as he once thought.

I'd be lying, if I kept hiding the fact that I can't deal

Author's Note:

This took way longer than expected due to personal problems and, well, could have been better? Still, I hope you like it :)

As I've already said, this is part of my fanfic "No Light" but you don't have to read it in order to understand (EDIT: that fanfic was discontinued). Heads up, though, Eleven/Jane is not part of the Party here as I wrote my fanfic before the premiere of season 2 and took some... liberties. Originally, Max wasn't going to be part of the ff, but after I saw ST2... How could I NOT write her? She's amazing!

Anyway, here you go! Sorry for any spelling mistakes, I don't have a beta reader!

His heart was beating faster and faster as he walked away, he had trouble breathing and felt like throwing up. Maybe he would, even if he barely drank half a beer. *What the hell* . It shouldn't be that way, he shouldn't be that way. Damn it, Will, you've been through this over and over!

"Will!" He heard someone shouting, her voice almost drowning in the loud music.

He wasn't going to stop, no, he was going to keep walking. Still he wasn't going to run and she would, catching with him. There she was, worry in her eyes, her hair not so tidy but not a mess either. The girl was not wearing high heels as the majority of the girls in the party did, as she was self conscious of being 5'7 tall. Something Will found ridiculous, as Max was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen.

“Are you alright?” She asked almost out of breath, as she had ran towards him when he was almost a block away. Shouting had not helped either.

“I’m tired.” He said, offering the lamest excuse possible. “This party is shit.”

Then he walked away once more, with Max still asking for a more decent explanation. Obviously she refused to leave his side, not caring about missing the party everyone was having such a good time at. Especially Mike, it seemed.

“Did you see them?” He asked, his voice sounding strange in his ears. Almost as if he were to choke in any minute.

The look in her face was all the response he needed, before he knew it there were tears falling through his face. *Damn it, Will.* At that moment, Max noticed both Lucas and Dustin coming to where they were. Mike was too busy, Will thought bitterly.

The girl didn’t like what she was about to do, but she did so anyway. Then, she walked the couple of meters that separated their friends (including her boyfriend) from them. Luckily they could not catch Will crying as she went and told them he wasn’t feeling well, having drunk a little too much for his own good; she’d drive him home, Max said, not finding it necessary for everyone to go there. Reluctantly they agreed, even if both Lucas and Dustin thought it suspicious that she didn’t let them get near him.

Even if Will complained about it, Max drove him home in the end. As she was the one who had a licence and a car, she wasn’t allowed to drink. It wasn’t easy to convince her, until Dustin suggested one of them would stay sober as well; Dustin lost a bet and had to, regretting having suggested that. At first, the ride was silent, none of them making a comment about anything, Will looking absolutely

miserable.

"I don't know what I was expecting." Will confessed, breaking the silence. He tried not thinking about them, as he'd surely feel sick and throw up in Max's car.

"Will..."

"I thought... I'm such an idiot!" Hiding his face between his hands, he tried his best not to cry again. "How do I face him again?"

"Face? Will, he's your best friend!" Max said, not liking whatever it was Will was suggesting.

"I know but I can't... I need some time, to think." About what, exactly, he wasn't sure. But he couldn't look Mike in the eye, not now at least. "I know It's not his fault, it's not Katy's either, it's mine."

"You can't help who you fall in love with, Will." Max comforted him, as he felt like crying once more.

That Sunday morning, almost mid day, he woke up to a terrible headache. Again, he had only drank half a beer, it wasn't that. But, God, he wished it was! Maybe he should have done that, drink until everything ceased to exist. That way it wouldn't have hurt him so much, or he would have forgotten it by now. It wasn't that way though, the image of his friend kissing that girl was printed in his mind.

The girl's arms around his neck, his hands on her back... Oh, he was about to get sick again!

He refused to go out or talk with any of his friends that day, but it was alright. After all, hadn't Max tell them that he got a little too drunk? It'll give him time to think, which he couldn't tell if it was a

good or a bad thing.

Not even having breakfast, he went to take a shower, trying to wash away the memories. It was in vain, as all he could think was about how stupid he was. What, exactly, did he expect? Mike wasn't... like him, he didn't like boys. Of course he'd get a girlfriend one day! Being handsome as he was, he'd probably had all the girls dreaming about him, he'd like one back eventually. Why wouldn't he? That thought still didn't make him feel better, just utterly betrayed (even if he shouldn't) and hurt. As he spent the day inside, reading, drawing, watching tv, the thought couldn't leave his mind.

It wasn't Mike's fault, alright, he owed Will nothing. He knew that, he thought he'd forgotten about his feelings but seeing him with that girl... It shattered his heart. No, he couldn't blame him for that, but he could blame him for other things. How about the way Mike smiled at him, so different than with their friends; or how he placed his hand so closed to his; what about when he put his arm around him out of nowhere as they walked. Yes, he was at fault at that, making it so hard for Will. He both loved and loathed those moments. Deep down, it seems, he knew it was all fake. Did it make it easier? Of course not. Alright, maybe Mike wasn't so innocent here.

Joyce noticed, of course, but asking a teenager what was wrong was useless. Even if Will was really close to his mother.

Giving the excuse that he was sick, Will did not go to school on Monday. Rarely did he lie to his mother and he *never* missed school without a good reason, it wasn't like him. What else could he do, though? What if... they started to hang out? To hold hands, to kiss in front of him?

Why it seemed that life couldn't let him catch a breath?

The place next to Mike's was empty, the one to belong to Will. It was hard to concentrate in whatever lesson the teacher was giving,

because he knew his friend wouldn't miss school just because. What if something was wrong with him? Being sick at best and at worse... God, he didn't even want to think about it.

At lunchtime, he just looked at his food, touching it with the fork. Everyone was talking, but he couldn't make up the words.

"Mike!" Dustin shouted as he clapped his hands in front of Mike's face, making him jump.

"What the hell, Dustin?!"

"See? You weren't listening shit!" He complained, totally annoyed.

"I-I was."

"Okay, what did we just ask you?" Lucas asked.

"To... play video games."

Considering that everyone groaned at his response, it wasn't the correct one. Still, he couldn't really bring himself to care about it.

"Will didn't come. He never misses school." Mike explained, the worry making him sick.

Even if his friends did find it rather strange, none of them commented much about it. Not now anyway, whatever happened years ago was not happening again... right? The boy was probably sick, he'd feel better the next day for sure. If not, then they'll go visit him and bring him whatever homework there was. It made sense, but there was something else that was making Mike so nervous. What was it?

That's when he noticed it, or *her*. Max was not looking at him, as if she was avoiding seeing his face. Before he could say anything,

though, she spoke.

“What about Katy?” She asked out of sudden, this time looking at him. There was some accusation in her tone of voice and Mike couldn’t understand why she changed the subject like that.

“Yeah, tell us more, man!” Lucas said with a smirk, a different intention than Max for sure.

Well, what was it for him to say? He got a bit drunk, so did Katy, they kissed, end of story? Just a few hours before, she went to tell him that she was sorry, but she didn’t like him like that. Which was good, because neither did Mike. It’d be a lie to say he didn’t enjoy kissing her, but he had been drunk and felt like kissing someone.

He couldn’t kiss the person he wanted to.

Will did go to school the next day, but something was different. The way he addressed Mike was completely different than before, short sentences, fake smiles. At first, he thought it was just his imagination until it happened again and again. Not looking at him in the eye, barely responding to anything... In the end, even his friends noticed it too.

There’s nothing going on! Will would say and no one would believe him; but whatever it was, it was between Mike and him. Before Mike knew, a week had passed, a painful week where he wasn’t sure what to do. His friend simply show him a smile, an insincere one, and said everything was alright whenever he asked. Why wouldn’t it be?

He knew nothing was right, though, when they were left alone once. Walking in silence, in the cold winter, he noticed Will was shaking a bit. Then, he placed an arm around him in order to keep him warm. Usually, his friend would blush but laugh. Now? Will looked annoyed as he moved for Mike’s arm to fall.

And that was it. Will felt like acting like that towards him without a fucking explanation? So be it.

“This is getting ridiculous!” Max complained, passing around as both Dustin and Lucas were sitting.

“And annoying!” Dustin agreed, as Lucas nodded. “What did happen exactly?”

“Who knows?”

Actually, Max knew. Even if she told Will that Mike and Katy weren't really dating, something still was off. After all, according to Will, that particular event made him fully realise how dumb he was. Sooner or later, Mike would get a girlfriend. If not, well, he'd end up watching his best friend kissing random girls at party. He said he was trying, but Max didn't think he tried hard enough.

Understandably, Mike felt upset at Will's rejection. Tired of asking what was wrong, he gave up and gave him the cold shoulder too. Boys were so dumb! And that was why they were having a meeting. The three of them found their little fight, or whatever, absolutely ridiculous. Except for Max, nobody knew what happened and both Mike and Will refused to tell. Thus, they made a plan; a stupid one, sure. Max could only hope Will wasn't as stubborn about what they were going to say.

“Ready?” Max asked.

Both of the boys nodded, as they grabbed their walkie talkies.

It was almost funny how his favourite season was Autumn and the one he hated the most was Winter. Of course, it hadn't always been like that; but, well, a lot of things changed after coming home from the upside down. How it grew darker earlier than supposed, how it too took a bit too long for the sun to come up in the morning. The coldness... it reminded him of so many awful things he wanted so hard to forget. What a terrible time for his bike's chain to break!

After everything that happened, the last thing (or the most) Will wanted was to be with Mike. Yet there he was, knocking at his door, at the verge of a panic attack. Even after everything, seeing his face when he opened the door made him feel a bit calmer.

"Will?" Mike asked confused, but worry showing in his face as well. "Are you okay?"

"Mike, I... I'm not." He answered with a bitter chuckle. "Can I use your phone?"

All his friend did was nod, as he left space for him to enter the house. Will mumbled a 'thank you', as he went inside, leaving the bike laying in the front.

There he called his mother, but the phone just rang and rang. Perhaps she wasn't home yet... Shit. What was he suppose to do? Walk home? In the darkness? 'Shit' he said, as he hung up.

"I don't think she's home yet." Will said with a sigh.

"Then we wait." Mike said, shrugging.

“What?”

“We wait! Or do you want to walk home?” his words were harsher than intended, but Will knew Mike was still annoyed by everything. After all, that was the first time they exchanged sentences in days.

Even so...

“You don’t have to be so rude...”

“ *I* don’t have...?!” Mike interrupted, clearly upset. “Suit yourself.”

Before Will could say anything, his friend walked towards the basement, closing the door a little too loud. The sound didn’t bother Ted, who was watching tv, but made Karen get near as to see what was going on. Thus Will said with a smile, one he learned how to fake, that everything was alright. With that same smile, he went to the basement, feeling guilty but annoyed.

There he was, his friend sitting in the couch while pretending to read some random comics. Seeing him ignored him, he went down the stairs as loud as he could; Mike paid no attention.

“Mike?” He asked, a little too loud. “Look at me.”

No response.

“Look. At. Me!”

Mike looked almost livid, as he stood up, walking fast towards Will. It almost made his heart stop, made him step a few steps backwards; but he didn't. While his heart beat fast, he stood still. Then they just looked at each other's eyes, waiting for one to speak. Will went first.

"I'm sorry." He said softly.

"What?"

"I'm sorry!" Will said louder, tears threatening to fall. That seemed to calm Mike down a bit.

"No." he said, taking a deep breath. "Don't say sorry, give me an explanation. You're my best friend and you just...!"

"I can't!" Will interrupted, this time crying. "I shouldn't have... I'm sorry. I can't!"

"Stop saying sorry! Stop fucking apologising and just...!"

Then it happened. Will threw himself towards his friend, putting his arms around his neck and kissing him; kissing him, as he always dreamed. Not that way, no, in his dreams he wasn't crying and the taller boy responded to it.

Mike, on his part, grew tense as he felt his friend's lips collapsing against his. Before he could give a proper response, though, they were separated once more. An awkward silence was filling the room, Will's cheeks were stained with tears and Mike just stood there wanting to say something but being unable to.

"I'm sorry." Will said again. "I now know it was a mistake to think you'd like me, but when I saw you kissing Katy, I... Wow, I'm so stupid! Please, forget about this. Let's be friends and..."

His words were lost when Mike cupped his face between his hands and kissed him. However, it didn't take him long to react as he kissed him back. Everything seemed like a dream, maybe it was; at that moment, he didn't care.

After half an hour or so, Will went to call his mother again, this time she answered. Now, he was sitting in the couch of the basement next to Mike, who had his arm around him.

Even so, none of them spoke about what had happened there. All Mike did was to ask him how he felt, as he almost had a panic attack out there. The shorter boy felt so much better, his head lying on his friend's shoulder. Well, friend? Were they more than friends now? He didn't ask, not wanting to ruin the mood. Eventually, it wasn't any of them who broke the silence.

"Mike! Do you copy?"

Both of them almost jumped when hearing Dustin's voice coming from the walkie talkie. Standing up, Mike went to answered it. What could he possibly want?

"Dustin. It's me, Mike. Is everything okay? Over."

"Yeah, dude. Uh..." He started, some voices heard in the background. "It's about Will! He..."

"He's here with me." He answered, rather confused.

"Oh! I-I see. Good, 'cause we, I mean *I* couldn't communicate with him. And... yeah, that was it. Okay, bye I guess? Over."

The communication ended abruptly and Mike could only stare at the walkie talkie in his hand, confused by everything. Will, however, laughed at that. Sure, he didn't understand what was their plan, but it had something to do with making them 'friends' again.

At that moment, Karen knocked on the door, saying that Joyce was already there. Before Will could go, though...

"Will. Are... What are we?" Mike looked confused, not upset. He truly didn't know what to call him.

"Whatever you want." Will said with a smile, his heart still beating fast.

"Do... you want to be my boyfriend?" He asked, quite shyly. As Will felt like both laughing and crying at the same time.

"Yes, I do!" He exclaimed happily before giving him a hug. None of the boys wanted to separate, but they heard Karen calling them again; louder this time.

"So, you're both okay now?" Max asked Will, as they walked around the schoolyard.

"More than okay, it seems." He replied, his cheeks taking a reddish color, which made Max gasp.

Author's Note:

In case it wasn't clear (ok, it wasn't), the party wanted to tell Mike that Will was sick or something, in order for him to go to his house and talk. Hey, they tried!